

A Fawcett Publication

# Monte Hale

## WESTERN



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NO. 60



IN THIS ISSUE:  
**RENEGADE**  
OF THE  
**ROCKIES**

PLUS

GABBY  
HAYES



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**The Marvel Family**

**YOUNG EAGLE**

**Rod Cameron**  
WESTERN

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**MOTION PICTURE COMICS**

**MASTER COMICS**

**LASH LARUE**  
WESTERN

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**Gabby Hayes**  
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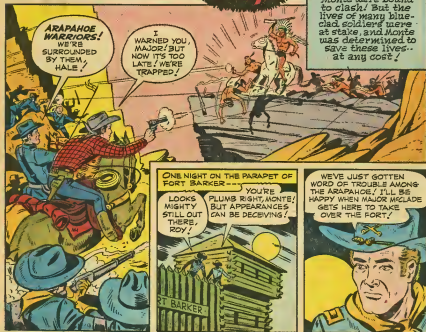
# MONTE HALE

## The *and* RENEGADE OF THE ROCKIES

CHAPTER ONE

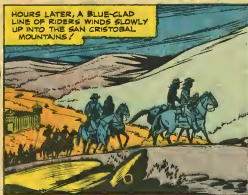
### Death Trap!

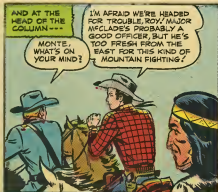
Born and raised in the heart of the untamed Rockies, Monte Hale knew well how to fight Indian style! So, when Major McClade a West Pointer fresh from the East -- set out to put down an Arapahoe uprising, he and Monte were bound to clash! But the lives of many blue-clad soldiers were at stake, and Monte was determined to save these lives... at any cost!

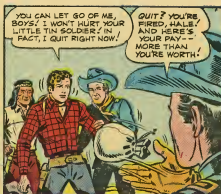


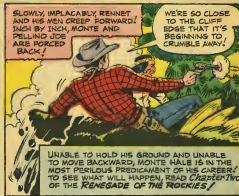
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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## QUIZ

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!  
 SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:  
 5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT—4 CORRECT, GOOD—  
 3 CORRECT, FAIR—2 CORRECT, POOR!

- ① AN ESTUARY IS A SMALL BIRD'S NEST.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_

FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- ④ THE AUDUBON SOCIETY TO PROTECT BIRD LIFE.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_

FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- ② THE NEW MOON IS IN BETWEEN THE LAST QUARTER AND THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE MOON.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_

FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- ⑤ CHROME, OCHRE AND MUSTARD HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_

FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



- ③ WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT TO OPEN UP A MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL SEASON BY THROWING OUT THE FIRST BALL.

TRUE \_\_\_\_\_

FALSE \_\_\_\_\_



## ANSWERS:

1 FALSE, IT'S A WIDE RIVER MOUTH  
 IN A SUBMERGED VALLEY, 2 TRUE,  
 3 TRUE, IN 1910, 4 TRUE, 5 TRUE,  
 THERE ARE ALL YELLOW.

# GABBY HAYES

## THE BALLOONATIC

RUSTLERS!  
RUSTLERS!

RUSTLERS?  
WHERE?

ONE NIGHT, AS GABBY HAYES IS PLAYING A PEACEFUL GAME OF CARDS WITH HIS WADDIES, THEY HEAR THE DREAD WORDS THAT ALL CATTLE MEN VIEW WITH ALARM!



BLACK JACK HEARD ME TALKING ABOUT THOSE RUSTLERS. HE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO CATCH! IF I COULD FLY LIKE THIS CROW I'D SOON SPOT THE VARMINTS. IF I COULD FLY.... HMM!

BRIGHT AND EARLY NEXT MORNING!

YUH GAVE ME AN IDEE, BLACK JACK. MEBBEE I CAN'T FLY LIKE A CROW, BUT I SHORE CAN GET UP IN THE AIR. I'LL RENT THAT CLOUD-KISSING CONTRAPTION YONDER!



LATER, GABBY AND HIS HIRED HANDS HAVE TRANSFERRED THE RENTED BALLOON TO A SECLUDED SPOT.

SHE'S ANCHORED FAST, GABBY.

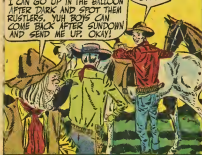
FINE! FINE!

FINE! FINE!



IT'LL BE MOONLIGHT TONIGHT, I CAN GO UP IN THE BALLOON AFTER DARK AND SPOT THEM RUSTLERS, YUH BOYS CAN COME BACK AFTER SUNDOWN AND SEND ME UP. OKAY!

OKAY!



IF I'VE GOT TO STAY AWAKE ALL NIGHT LOOKING FOR RUSTLERS, I MIGHT AS WELL GRAB SOME SHUTEYE NOW!



AFTER SUNDOWN, GABBY'S HELPERS RETURN.

IT'S DARK ENOUGH NOW. SHALL WE SEND YOU UP, GABBY?

OKAY!



A LITTLE LATER.

IS THE COAST CLEAR?

SURE! IT'S A PERFECT NIGHT FOR RUSTLING. THERE'S NOBODY WITHIN MILES TO SEE US.

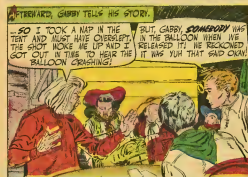


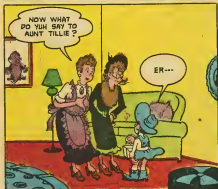
RUSTLERS! DINGBUSTED RUSTLERS!

WHAT TH--?









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# MONTE HALE

## and THE RENEGADE OF THE ROCKIES

CHAPTER TWO

### Dance of Doom!

A FINE LOT OF HELP  
WE TURNED OUT TO BE  
TO THE ARMY COLUMN!  
WE WANTED TO SAVE THEM  
FROM AN AMBUSH AND  
WE GOT TRAPPED  
OURSELVES!

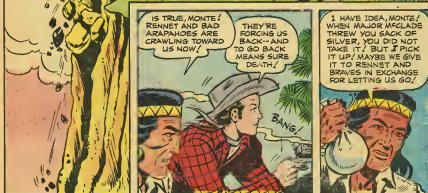


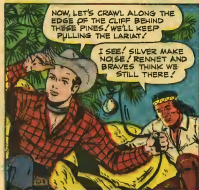
IS TRUE, MONTE!  
RENNET AND BAD  
ARAPAHOS ARE  
CRAWLING TOWARD  
US NOW!

THEY'RE  
FORCING US  
BACK--AND  
TO GO BACK  
MEANS SURE  
DEATH!

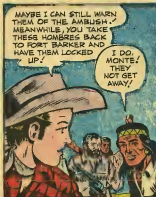
BANG!

I HAVE IDEA, MONTE!  
WHEN MAJOR MCGLADE  
THREW YOU SACK OF  
SILVER, YOU DID NOT  
TAKE IT! BUT I PICK  
IT UP! MAYBE WE GIVE  
IT TO RENNET AND  
BRAVES IN EXCHANGE  
FOR LETTING US GO!

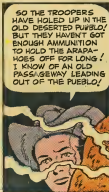
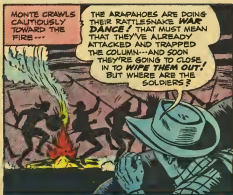


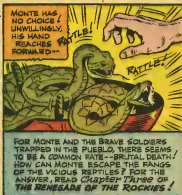












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quicker, easier with these  
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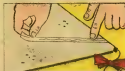
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**SORROWFUL**

**HOLLOWELL**







THE rain was starting to fall as Gray Hawk crept through the underbrush, following his trap line. Not far ahead, he had set a snare between a great, moss-overgrown, crumbling log, and a low granite boulder. Now, as he moved toward the shadow-shrouded spot, he could see movement in the darkness.

"An animal is in the trap!" he thought. "Could it be a rabbit . . . or a fox?"

Quickly he grasped his hunting knife in his sinewy right hand. But as he moved toward the old log, with the rain slanting across his line of vision, he suddenly heard an angry, savage growling. There was a blur of yellow-gray fur, twisting furiously in the dark crevice! And, in the next moment, as the leather thongs of the snare gave way a huge cat launched itself toward the Indian youth. With glowing eyes and long tufted ears, Gray Hawk saw that it was a Canada lynx, a vicious brute that must have strayed down from the Northern woods!

"He is attacking!" the boy gasped.

Desperately he struck hard with his knife at the snarling beast! The keen blade glanced off the side of the lynx, and was flung to the ground, yards away. Landing softly, the cat whirled. Enraged anew by the slight wound, it crouched to spring again! And now Gray Hawk had no weapon—no defense! Spitting angrily, his long claws curved like sickles, lips writhing back over yellowed fangs, the lynx hurtled through the air—straight at the helpless boy!

But, when it was scant yards from him, a rifle shot rang out, loud and clear, from the surrounding forest. Before Gray Hawk's unbelieving eyes, the huge Canada lynx stiffened in mid-air, and dropped to the ground, as limp as a well-tanned deerskin! It was dead.

The Indian boy turned slowly. There, coming in out of the forest, was a white youth, clad in rough homespun! In his hand he carried a single-loading rifle. As Gray Hawk faced him, the boy smiled.

"Hello," he said. "I was just going down the trail yonder, on my way to my dad's wagon train, when I heard that long-eared critter raising a ruckus! I took a look and

when I saw what was happening—I made use of old Betsy here! Lucky I winged him the first time!"

"Not lucky!" Gray Hawk shook his head from side to side. "You are a good shot—as good as an Otapl brave. And you saved my life! I am Gray Hawk, son of the chief of the tribe!"

"And I'm Whit Newsom," the white boy smiled, extending his hand. "My dad and several other families are heading through this country in a wagon train, on their way to the coast. I was looking for game, but I didn't find any! Reckon I'd better get back now! They'll be looking for me."

Gray Hawk shook the other boy's hand eagerly.

"I wish I had game to give you," he said. "But my traps were empty—except for this one! And you would not want to eat lynx! Is there no way I can repay you?"

Whit Newsom laughed. "No need to, friend. I'm just glad that I was able to help." Shouldering the gun, he turned and made his way through the forest, with long athletic strides. Soon he was out of sight, and Gray Hawk saw only the slanting rain that poured down on the forest!

For the rest of the day, he followed his trap line, but without luck. And, as he paced through the forest on soft-treading moccasins, he realized that the rain was one of the worst he had seen. From a gentle shower, it had grown into a heavy, unrelenting deluge. In the late afternoon, he took shelter beneath a wide-spreading oak that gave at least partial protection from the stream of huge drops.

Crouching there, he watched the rain form tiny pools on the ground. He saw little rivulets gathering together, to make rills—and rills joining to make brooks. Throughout the land, he knew that this rain must be swelling the creeks and overflowing the banks of the lakes.

Suddenly, Gray Hawk stood up.

"The white boy's wagon train! If he was heading west, the wagons must be in the middle of the Low Valley! And with this rain pouring down . . ."

He clenched his fists into tight balls!

"They will be trapped! I must warn them!" Swiftly he dashed into the forest. Racing through the dripping trees, the Otapi youth's long, muscular legs carried him in mighty bounds over logs and rocks, down the twisting, winding path toward the valley that was the passageway to the Coast. For an hour he ran, until his legs were heavy and leaden, and each step brought stabbing pain to his laboring lungs. Finally he sighted the line of canvas-topped wagons winding slowly through the valley floor.

Running toward them, he could see that the big wheels of the oxen-drawn carts were sinking low into the rain-softened turf. But nevertheless, they were moving along steadily, further and further into the valley.

In the lead wagon, Gray Hawk saw Whit Newsom. He ran toward him.

Seeing Gray Hawk, the other boy held his hand up in a signal for the other wagons to stop.

As Gray Hawk made his way up to him through the mud, other drivers gathered in an anxious group. "What's the trouble, Whit?" one of them asked. Gray Hawk turned to them, his face serious. "You must not keep going," he said. "Soon flood waters will gather in the valley, and your wagons will be carried away and you will be drowned!"

"How come you're telling us this?" a husky, bearded man asked suspiciously. "An Injun boy! Why should you help us?"

Whit Newsom broke in eagerly—"Because I saved him from a lynx this afternoon, Pa! He must be telling the truth!"

"Yes!" exclaimed Gray Hawk. "I have seen this valley flooded during a bad rain. It happens fast . . . like the attack of a forest cat! You must get out!"

"Get out?" the older Newsom asked. "You say we can't go on and I know we can't go back in that mud! Which way, then?"

Gray Hawk pointed to the side, up the steep slope that bordered the wagon trail. "Up that way," he explained. "When you go up there, fifty times a man's length, the waters will not reach you! You will be safe!"

But Whit Newsom shook his head, discouraged. "We couldn't drive these wagons up that slope," he said. "The oxen just couldn't do it!"

"No," agreed Gray Hawk. "But in the Otapi tribe we have a proverb. 'To move the village,

you must take apart the tepees!' That is what we must do now!"

Under Gray Hawk's direction, the oxen were freed from their yokes and driven high up the hill to graze. Then the contents of the wagons were swiftly taken out, and carried by the women and children—to rest on the upper slope, above the trail, under protecting tarpaulins. Finally, all the men gathered about the lead wagon, stationing themselves about it—and gripping it firmly on all sides.

"Now . . . lift!" cried Gray Hawk. With all the husky men helping, the prairie schooner rose in the air, and they carried it rapidly up the slope.

They repeated this with each of the other wagons!

Finally all of them were high on the hillside, at least two hundred and fifty feet above the valley trail. Now some of the men began to look around, grumbling. "All this work," one of them muttered, "and nothing's happened. We could jest as soon have kept going—if that blame Injun boy hadn't skeered us!"

**"WAIT!"** called Gray Hawk. There was a steady ominous rumbling sound all about them. Even as they watched, they saw a crest of water begin to advance down the trail. Steadily, it came on, growing higher and higher! With waves curling across its top, it carried everything before it, logs, animals—everything that could not get out of its path! Ruthlessly the flood swept on—but the wagon train was safe, high on the hillside.

"I have seen floods before in this valley," Gray Hawk said. "They grow very quickly—and they are dangerous!"

"But we are safe now, thanks to you!" Whit Newsom said. "You've managed to pay me back . . . many times over, for this morning's work!"

"That's right," Gray Hawk smiled. "You shot a lynx—and I showed you how to move a wagon train! A fair swap, friend!"

THE END

*Read the exciting adventures of GRAY HAWK in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN!*



# A SCENE ON THE DESERT

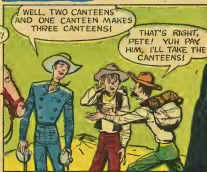
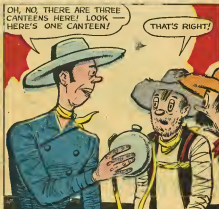
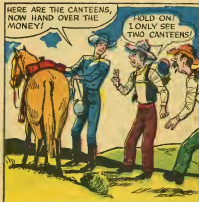
PETE  
AND  
PAT

IF WE DONT FIND  
SOME WATER SOON,  
PAT, I'M GOING TO  
PASS OUT FROM  
THIRST!

WATER! WATER!  
I'D GIVE A FORTUNE  
FER SOME RIGHT  
NOW!



MONTE HALE WESTERN







# MONTE HALE

and  
The RENEGADE OF THE ROCKIES

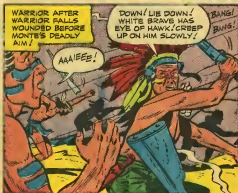
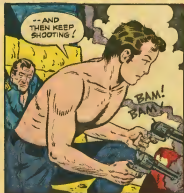
CHAPTER THREE  
**Passage  
from  
Peril!**



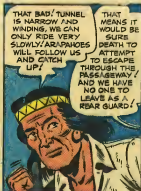












# MONTE HALE WESTERN

LATER, AT FORT BARKER!

LOOK, LIEUTENANT NEWELL! TWO MEN ON HORSES--CK--- AND THEY'RE CARRYING A THIRD MAN! WITH THEM!

IT LOOKS LIKE MONTE HALE!

MONTE! YOU GOT THROUGH! HOW BADLY WOUNDED IS MAJOR McCLADE?

IT'S A SERIOUS WOUND---BUT I THINK HE'LL PULL THROUGH!

HOW ABOUT YOU? DID YOU HAVE TROUBLE GETTING BACK?

NO! THEY SENT THE REMAINING TROOPERS OUT TO MEET US AND THEY ESCORTED US IN! WHEN WE GOT BACK I HAD A TALK WITH TRADER! RENNET!

THAT RENEGADE! DID YOU FIND OUT THE REASON FOR HIS HAVING LED THE ARAPAHOS IN AN UP-RISING?

I SURE DID! IT SEEMS THEIR LAND IS RICH IN BORAX, AND HE WANTED TO KEEP OTHER WHITE MEN AWAY-- SO HE COULD GET WEALTHY ON IT HIMSELF!

BORAX, EH? SO THAT WAS THE REASON! WELL, HE'LL SOON BE IN JAIL!

AND THEN WE'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE ARAPAHOS AGAIN! THEY'RE GOOD PEOPLE-- BUT THEY'VE HAD BAD LEADERS!

MONTHS LATER--

MAJOR, I HEARD YOU RECOVERED, PRETTY WELL!

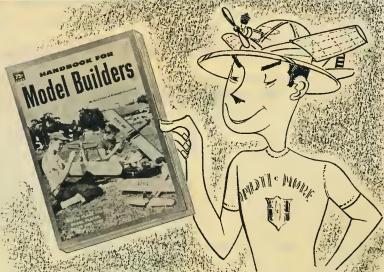
THANKS TO YOU, MONTE! BUT I WANTED TO TELL YOU I'VE JUST RECEIVED A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON!

THEY'VE ASSIGNED ME TO A POST IN THE EAST! ON MY RECOMMENDATION, LIEUTENANT NEWELL IS PROMOTED TO CAPTAIN IN COMMAND OF FORT BARKER!

THAT'S WONDERFUL, SIR! THANK YOU! BUT WHAT ABOUT MONTE AND PELLING JOB?

ON MY RECOMMENDATION BOTH OF THEM RECEIVE THESE SPECIAL MILITARY AWARDS FOR THEIR HEROISM!

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STREET & NO. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ PARENTS! ORGANIZATIONS! Enclose unused 3¢ stamp for Circular on SUPERVISION or SPONSORING a junior air rifle group.

YOUR NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ORGANIZATION'S NAME (if any) \_\_\_\_\_

STREET AND NO. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ MEN and women! If you hunt to shoot, you belong in the SENIOR NRA. Check here for facts.



**1** OFFICIAL NRA  
"SEW ON" BRASSARD  
(EMBROIDERED EMBLEM)



**2** OFFICIAL NRA  
JUNIOR RIFLE  
HANDBOOK



*National Rifle Association of America*

This is to certify that the person whose signature appears on the other side is an  
**ACTIVE JUNIOR MEMBER**  
in good standing of the Association  
for the term indicated.

*[Signature]* Secretary

**SEND NOW for  
EXCITING NEW DAISY  
AIR RIFLEMAN  
... It Tells How  
You Can Join!**

**3** OFFICIAL NRA  
MEMBERSHIP  
WALLET CARD

**PARENTS!** Your children want to shoot. Give them a chance to shoot and learn safety through skills. Be a **SUPERVISOR** of a junior group of 4 or more youngsters. You'll enjoy it! You need not be a crack shot. Write!

**ORGANIZATIONS!** Sponsor a junior air rifle club of 10 or more. Service clubs, fraternal organizations, churches, conservation and rod and gun clubs, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised juvenile clubs, veterans, others—write!

The National Rifle Association of America is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization of over half a million shooters. It is the oldest national sportsman's association in the United States. For 80 years NRA has conducted America's civilian program of instruction in the safe and proper handling of firearms. It has trained 2½ million boys and girls in marksmanship. Now since the Junior Program has been extended, air rifle owners can participate in this time-tested training program.



**DAISY**  
*Air Rifles*

NO. 32  
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DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, DEPT. 1251, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



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